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BUM-FODDER

FOR THE

LADIES.

Price SIXPENCE.

RUM-FODDER

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FOR THE

LADIES.

A

POEM,

(Upon Soft PAPER.)

LONDON:

Printed and Sold by J. LEWIS in *Paternoſter-Row.*
M.DCC.LIII.

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BUM-FODDER
FOR THE
LADIES.

AVaunt ye daſtard poets --- ſtand ye by;
Or, grace my entrance from obſcurity.
Ladies, 'tis you whom I muſt now addreſs;
Smile on me, flatter, and what's more, careſs;
Or, by my beſt fate I'll divulge below
(If not above) what e'er I do or know;
Conſider, Ladies, for your own ſakes --- then
You may repent and wiſh, --- e'en ſigh in vain:
For though I can no pompous Title boaſt,
I've privacy with ev'ry famous Toaſt:
My Lady --- But I will not ſay too much,
She may prove a Patroneſs, --- and if ſuch,
Silent I will prove as the Grave itſelf,
When even tempted by the miſer's pelf.
Thus you ſee, I am honeſt, ſoft and clean,
And that would recommend me to a queen.
A Billet-doux has oft' ſupply'd my Place;
Am I not uſeful then in ſuch a Caſe?
Yes --- my utility no one dare deny
For cleanlineſs on me does much rely:
What though, they may deſpiſe my uſe or name,
I ſtill officiate for the proudeſt Dame.
Indeed the ſtate of the *Illiterati*
Doth furniſh Fodder for the *Virtuoſi*;

But in paper or verſe no ſoftneſs find
That's fit for Ladies -- this is not the kind;
Though they have fail'd, I ſtill can hope ſucceſs,
Who vend Bumfodder, --- neither more or leſs.
Should their low works an indigeſtion cauſe,
My application then muſt meet applauſe.
I'm indeed a *Panacea* in my way,
To cleanſe and purify --- do but eſſay;
Invidious ſatire ſhou'd the leaſt remain,
Or lampoon ſmart, or wit againſt the grain;
You'll find I quick relief and freely give,
To wipe away impreſſions they might leave.
Though licens'd, and my office is excuſe,
For ſcandal, malice, envy and abuſe;
Not all the pow'r of ſpleen and rancour join'd,
Shall force me, --- I'll reſt honeſt uncombin'd,
And ſhew in Bumfodder there's more than wind.
Pardon me if I ſhou'd prove proud or vain;
My office does excuſe me here again.
I do not promiſe much, perhaps you'll ſay;
But I'll fulfil, and that's the ſureſt way.
What can be expected, when I fairly tell ye
That nought but Bumfodder for *Sixpence* I ſell ye?

F I N I S.